

## THE JARR FAMILY

BY ROY L. MCDARDELL

"Do you believe in osteopathy?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"I might if I knew anything about it," said Mr. Jarr. "What is it? Sort of massage, eh?"

"Mrs. Kittingly says everybody who is ignorant of the good it does thinks it's massage," said Mrs. Jarr. "Her hair was falling out something terrible. She tried everything she could think of, even kerosene and massage. And she went to specialists and one of them wanted so much money that—"

"She couldn't think of it?" interrupted Mr. Jarr.

"Can't you be sensible just one minute?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "Think that the way you always act when I go to speak to you. Maybe what I say isn't intelligent enough to interest you, but at least you might be courteous, even if I am only your wife!"

"Pshaw! Can't you take a joke?" asked Mr. Jarr, un-  
nearly.

"I can take one when it's offered to me," replied the good lady. "but you have an idea when it's offered to me, and offends that it's funny."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Mr. Jarr. "every time I get off a joke I'll stand up and wave a handkerchief in the Chautauque salute. Then you'll see by the joke signal that what I've said is funny and you can laugh."

"You needn't be sarcastic," said Mrs. Jarr. "Waving a handkerchief wouldn't make any of your jokes a signal success."

"Oh, indeed?" said Mr. Jarr. "now waving your arms won't make your conversation less vague and rambling than it is. What were you going to say about osteopathy?"

"I'll tell you," said Mrs. Jarr. "Mrs. Kittingly was going to try it for her hair falling out, but she hadn't made up her mind about it."

"If her hair was falling out she couldn't have had much on her mind," said Mr. Jarr. "as he gravely stood up and waved his handkerchief."

"I do declare," said Mrs. Jarr, "sometimes I think you don't know your own right mind. You act like a schoolboy. Why don't you have some discipline? You children growing up around you."

"I am not doing anything to stunt their growth, am I?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"But, come, did osteopathy bring back the missing hair, as Laura Jean Libbey would say?"

"No," said Mrs. Jarr. "Mrs. Kittingly thinks mental healing did it, but she gives part of the credit to osteopathy, because she was THINKING about osteopathy and all her hair came back."

"And how changed it was!" said Mr. Jarr in an undertone.

"Mrs. Jarr didn't heed this remark, but went on."

"Everybody in Brooklyn believes in osteopathy," she added.

"People who live in Brooklyn can believe anything," said Mr. Jarr. "For instance, they believe, fresh and fresh every day, that there will be no block on the bridge when there is a blizzard and they believe they can get caught in the snow twice a day without getting their bones twisted."

"Ah," said Mrs. Jarr. "that's just why they believe in osteopathy! They know if they get their bones twisted osteopathy will cure them. When you go to an osteopath he kneads your bones."

"I need my own bones, thank you," said Mr. Jarr.

"I said the osteopath kneads your bones, kneads them," said Mrs. Jarr.

"By bones you mean \$2, I suppose?" said Mr. Jarr. "Well, I need that kind of bones, too."

"Don't be silly," said Mrs. Jarr. "Mrs. Kittingly says that Mr. Gola went to an osteopath and was cured of a club foot."

"He never belonged to a club; he belonged to our lodge, and that's all," said Mr. Jarr. "Marked as I tell you, he couldn't get a club foot because he never set foot in a club."

"I do declare," exclaimed Mrs. Jarr. "if all you can do is to sit there and mock and fib at me like a big clown, I wish you'd go out to some saloon with the kind of people you prefer!"

"Oh, I forgot to make the joke signal!" said Mr. Jarr, who was in a very teasing mood. "But let it go, Clara. Are you thinking of going to Brooklyn to consult an osteopath?"

"Well," said Mrs. Jarr. "Mrs. Kittingly wants me to go. She thinks she's getting rheumatism, but I promised Mrs. Soper to attend a Christian Science meeting this afternoon."

"Ah," said Mr. Jarr. "you can't decide which you would prefer—a mental massage with a Christian Scientist or a physical one with an osteopath? They both knead or need your bones."

"No, I'd like to go to both," said Mrs. Jarr, dubiously. "I know I'd have a lovely time, but they are both engagements for this afternoon. However, I'll decide when I get to the corner."

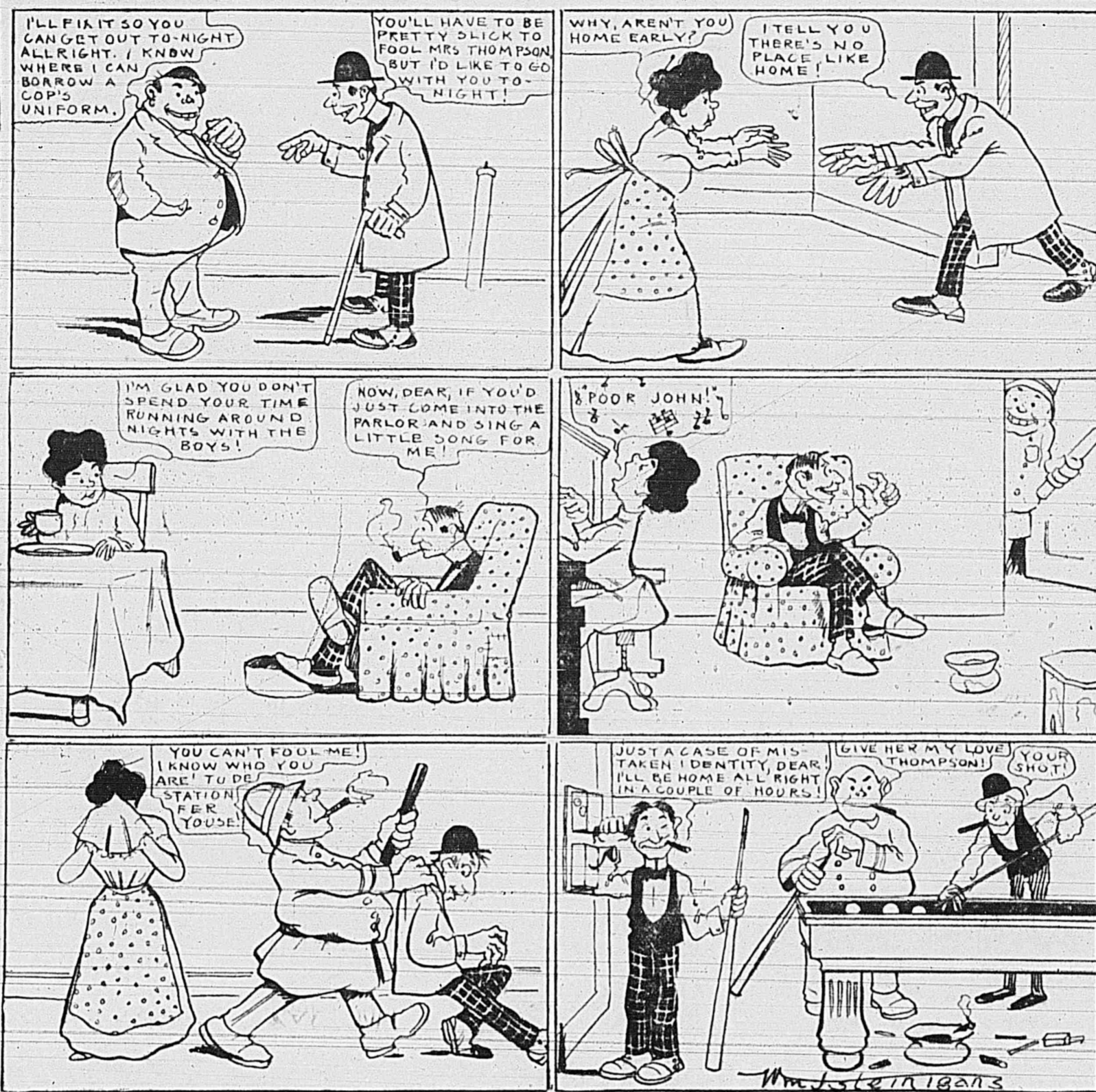
And the blessed Mr. Jarr and sallied forth.

Before reaching the corner she remembered she had solemnly promised to go to a bridge whist party with some other friends.

So she stopped in at Mrs. Rangle's and they went downtown shopping together, which was just as much fun and didn't cost as much as the other things.

## Thompson's Night Out

By W. J. Steinigans



## How Trainer William Muldoon Leads Women Back to Health and Beauty

The daily exercise patients at Muldoon's Farm go through, which can be duplicated by any woman without leaving New York.

### FIFTH DAY AT THE FARM.

By Annette Bradshaw.

WE have ball practice again this morning, the beginning of my fifth day at William Muldoon's health farm, so I must jump up and put on my tight, sweater and skirt. For I can already hear the thuds down in the "gym," which tell me that the men are at work.

This morning I am assigned to a partner, and, full of vim, we start throwing and catching. All we are quite out of breath. After a little breathing spell the professor takes a turn with me, then, indeed, I work.

"Come, come, work a little faster, now," shouts Prof.

"Another Turn, at the Medicine Ball."

"Up! Turn! Run, run! Back to your place! There's another, and another! Faster, swing the arms towsy!"

"Back and forth, back and forth the balls went. Although weary, I had no time to rest, for no sooner did I toss one than I had caught another. When I began to wonder if I could raise my arms once more with that ball there came the welcome signal to rest."

I am learning to recuperate very quickly now, so I was soon able to start again with another partner while the professor went to set the pace for another pair, who seemed to be lagging.

When I ran upstairs for my hot water I was really thirsty for it, and after I had finished the two glasses found myself looking forward with pleasure to my shower. I was so warm that I didn't notice the cold of the bathroom, but splashed around with delight. I feel so strong and vigorous now that I hardly recognize myself.

When I was dressed I went down for breakfast. We had prunes, corn-meal muffins, brains with bacon, creamed potatoes and coffee.

Professor says we'll go for our ride this morning at 10 in spite of the snow.

"The roads were white and we trudged along, two abreast. It had stopped snowing, and everything looked lovely and clean. The air was a little milder than yesterday."

I got a couple of scoldings for not turning quickly enough around upon Professor's orders, thus being forced down to the starting edge of the road, where the footing was dangerous.

"Warn your man in plenty of time that you are going to turn out, so that he can keep the middle of the road and give you plenty of room at the side. Keep alert and make your mind quick!" That is the value of riding; it teaches you little niceties of judgment which are good riding manners.

"Just sitting on a horse and being carried is no trick—a sack of bran can do that; it's the thought that guides the horse that shows the horsemanship—ability to think quickly and correctly."

The professor overheard one of the men talking about a friend who took a horseback ride every morning before breakfast.

"One of the silliest things he could do," said the professor. "If I was looking for an absolutely foolish man I'd send for your friend."

"That professor," spoke up one of the other fellows, "is there any great difference between that and those exercises we go through each morning?"

"What you do in the morning is nothing. Besides it's indoors, which is different. A professional or business man should take his exercise after his work is done; but it should be—well, exercise, that sort of a man I would recommend boxing as the best, because some-  
body will make him jump around—not the pace for him; he won't do it by himself. After a moderate amount of exercise, enough to make him perspire, with a quick bath, he will feel refreshed and his mind relaxed."

When we got back to the stable I can for the house, I had my hot water and shower, after which I felt ready for anything.

Our dinner of potato soup, roast pork, potatoes, cabbage and apple pie was thoroughly appreciated.

When 3:30 o'clock came around we were all ready for a tramp in the snow.

I wore a short walking suit and heavy boots that day—began to feel the cold.

We walked along the road, then through the fields, climbing over stone walls or under gates, crossing icy tracks, right out into the woods. Here the overgrown crowd in thick white carpet appeared clean and untracked.

"I know that I can stand about in the snow, take photographs and admire the scenery, without getting the cold. This shows a wonderful improvement in the thickness of my blood."

"Doesn't it?" said one of the fellows, "and later there was supper of chops, hashed brown potatoes, rice pudding and 'whats'." There were some-  
thing new to me and proved very delicious. They were apparently wheat in cakes like fritters and served with maple syrup.

Nine o'clock struck, and on the minute we were all hustled off to bed.

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## BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS

The Girl Who Is Too Clever.

"YES," said one of the cleverest girls I know, "I was rash enough to say something to him which made him fear for the moment that I was brighter than he. But I made up for it the next morning by saying something so stupid that he was quite happy again."

This sounds foolish. Really, it shows deep thought. For man's vain creature at heart. He likes a clever girl. But the moment he suspects she is cleverer than he, he is apt in his strength like to think women look up to him and "lean on him." So mentally he also likes to think he occupies a similar position toward her. Just as no man wants to marry an incurable invalid, so no man wants to marry a fool. But few men want to marry women cleverer than themselves any more than they care to marry women who could pick them up and carry them around.

By all this I don't mean that the clever man should elate one lot of her heaven-sent cleverness. But she should be clever enough not to let man see she is cleverer than they. Do you catch the idea? A so-called "smart" retort, a flare of unanswerable repartee, an assumption of superior education—any one of these is apt to check a stupid man's ardor. Wit is a dangerous weapon in the lists of love. It is a good servant but a bad master. Use it with discretion.

She Telephones Too Much.

A GIRL friend of mine is in love with a young man who has a business of his own, which requires quite a lot of time. She works in an office and when at leisure rings him up on the 'phone constantly, which hinders him from attending to his work. You will

continue whether I like it or not. Tell me, please, does he love me? And can such a man be true to a woman?

WINNIE:—The young man is not worth bothering with and is of a too investigating mind of mind to be true to any woman. His conduct is very ill bred.

Should 20 Wed 35?

DO:—He is a man thirty-five years of age too old for a girl almost twenty?

ANXIOUS.

20

35

Not in the least. Other things being equal, he will make a better husband than a younger man.

He Stares at Women.

DEAR BETTY:—I AM a young lady of twenty-one, considered quite pretty and have a good figure. I am in love with a gentleman of twenty-five, and he says he also loves me. But he has one great fault, that is, when ever we go out he stares at every woman or girl we meet on the street or in the car, which is very an-

noying to me. I have often wanted to leave him right then and go home; then he calls me stupid and says he is only studying womanhood, and that he will study me up to the hilt. I am in a dilemma. What should I do?

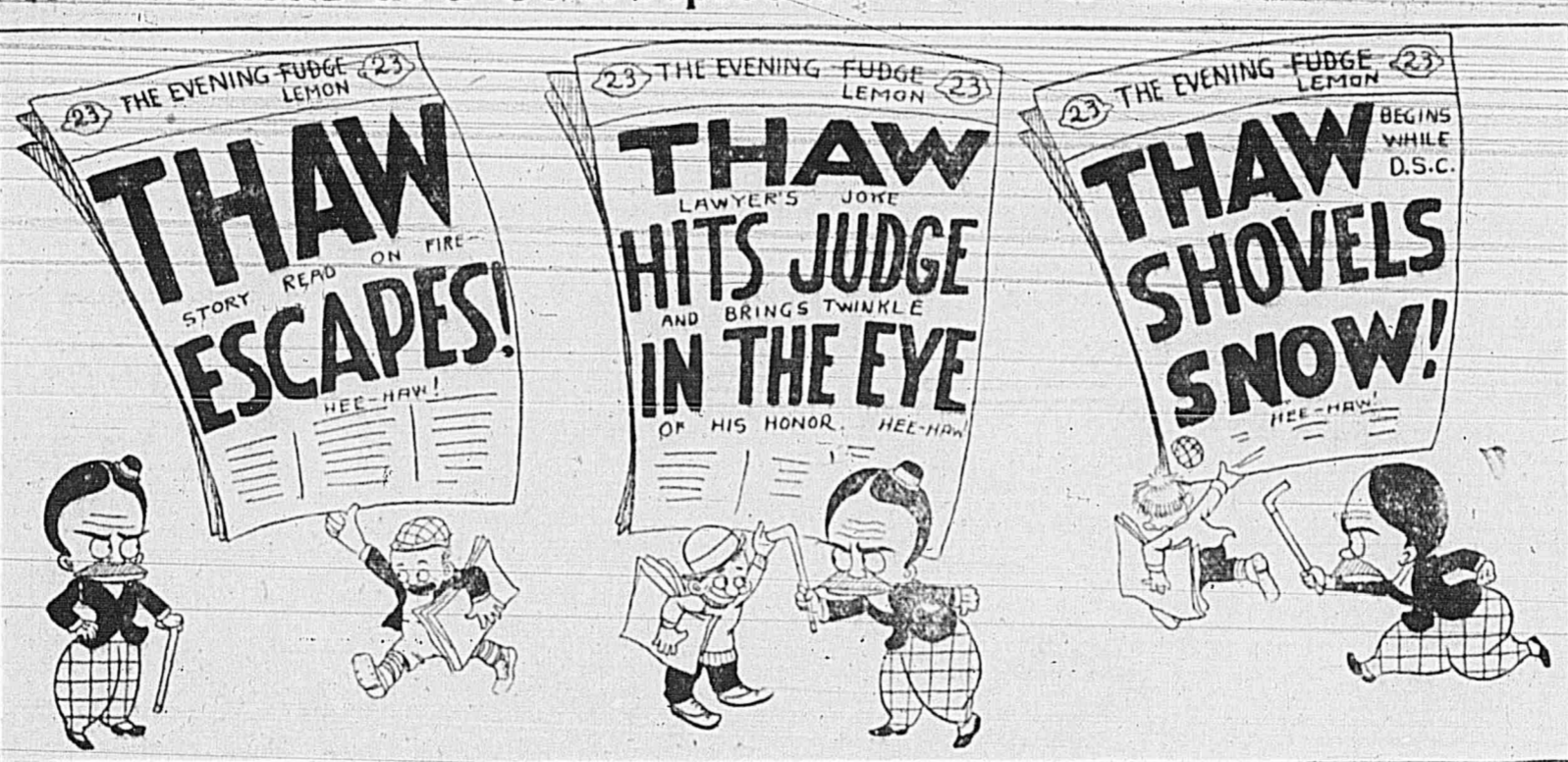
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## More Lemons at a Cent Apiece.

By F. G. Long.



THAW ESCAPES! HE-HAW!

THAW HITS JUDGE IN THE EYE AND BRINGS TWINKLE OR HIS HONOR. HE-HAW!

THAW SHOVELS SNOW! HE-HAW!

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## Plain Tales from the Hills

By Rudyard Kipling.

### His Chance in Life.

(By Permission of George Munro's Sons.)

Then a pile of heads he laid—  
Thirty thousand heads he laid—  
All to pass the Rajah's hand,  
Where the Oxus ripples by.  
Grief-stricken Attila Khan—  
"Love had made this thing a Man."

Of you go straight away from Leaven and Government House Lilia, past the "Trade" Ball—far beyond everything, and everybody you ever knew in your respectable life—you cross, in time, the Border line where the last drop of White blood ends and the full tide of black sets in. It would be easier to talk to a new man in the Duchesse on the spur of the moment than to the Borderline folk without violating some of their conventions or hurting their feelings.

The Black and White mix very quietly in their ways. Sometimes the White shows in spurts of fierce, childish pride—which is pride of race, not of color, and sometimes the Black in still deeper abasement and humility, half-healthful customs and strange, unaccountable impulses to crime. One of these days this people understand they are far lower than the class whence Dorothea, the man who imitated Byron, sprung—will turn out a writer or a poet; and then we shall know how they live and what they feel in the man time any stories about them cannot be absolutely correct in fact or inference.

Miss Vezia came from across the Borderline to look after some children who belonged to a lady until a regularly ordained nurse could come out. The lady said Miss Vezia was a bad, dirty nurse and inattentive. It never struck her that Miss Vezia had her own way to lead and her own affairs to worry over, and that these affairs were the most important things in the world to Miss Vezia.

Very few mistresses admit this sort of reasoning. Miss Vezia was as black as a boot and, to our standard of taste, hideously ugly. She wore cotton-print gowns and bulged shoes, and when she showed them with the children she abused them in the language of the Borderline—which is part English, part Portuguese and part native. She was not attractive, but she had her pride and she preferred being called "Miss Vezia."

Every Sunday she dressed herself wonderfully and went to see her Mamma, who lived, for the most part, on silk dressing-gown and a big, ruffled, warden of a house full of Vezias, Heras, Hithas, and a floating population of loafers, besides fragments of the day's thrown on the floor, petticoats hung on strings for screens, old bottles, pewter crucifixes, and a host of other things, puppies, plaster images of the Virgin and hats without crowns.

Miss Vezia was more than twenty rupees a month for acting as nurse, and she squabbled weekly with her Mamma as to the percentage she was due toward housekeeping. When the quarrel was over, Michele D'Cruse used to shamble across the street and look at her, and make love to Miss Vezia in the fashion of the Borderline, which is a mixture of the English and the native.

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